THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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OCCASIONAL ESSAYS.

No. VI.

MR. EDITOR,

IT has been observed, by a very sensible writer, that nothing feels, at times, more humble than pride, or possesses in reality more meanness, as nothing induces us to make more servile concessions to other people than a desire of enhancing the importance of ourselves: this frequently leads us into numberless inconveniencies, absurdities, and, sometimes, vices.

The *poor* man, to shew his consequence, when the *great* man does him the honour of a visit, ostentatiously displays a sumptuous and profuse dinner, and starves for a month after it, on fragments, and reflection. To encrease his chagrin he finds himself the *butt* also of the great man's ridicule; whose liberal, sympathetic heart, intended to honour him with patronage and friendship, had not folly and extravagance, thus early, clipt the wings of generosity and benevolence.

Pride is the daughter of ignorance; she scoffs at the lessons of modesty, 'till arrogance and presumption teach her, unwillingly, humility: and an accurate observer will find that among the middling ranks of people, pride reigns most predominant, particularly with the female sex.

As a countess has an undoubted right to that elegant species of entertainment called a *route*, a merchant's wife, by proper gradation, may, surely, indulge a little in what is termed *style*: but when a few milliner shop dolls, apothecaries 'prentices, and attornies clerks, meet on set days to tea and cards in *style*, the lady entertainer is frequently so *very* stylish, that the poor woman is half dead with the fatigue of politeness. In effect, indeed, she differs still wider than this from my lady countess.

The one is all ease, grace, and elegance, because she is *in* her proper sphere: the other is all ceremony, bustle, fuss, and fidget, because she is *out* of her proper sphere.

Mrs. Folly turns up her nose at Mrs. Prudence, because the good woman posseses only a plain, household understanding; hinting to her, that economy becomes her better than extravagance, and that complacency adds more to her charms than pertness; and when her daughter Jenny marries, if she has not so large a fortune to give the husband of her choice as she could wish, she has the consolation to feel, that she has brought up, instructed, and educated a wife that will help him to save one.

Pride is the destruction of the little world, and very reprehensible in the great. It sits but awkwardly on a duchess, and her *majesty* was never seen to make use of it. But there is a proper pride, in which a noble emulation would add grace and dignity to us all.

Ye fair daughters of Britain, whose greatest ambition should be to prove yourselves exemplary wives and mothers, exert your native mental charms, that bloom and expand, matured by the luxuriant rays of polished reason. Remember—"A woman shines most in her proper sphere."

Among the male sex, we find many pretenders to *wisdom*, who turn out to be only *pretenders* to learning; and the more a man's head is freighted with unnecessary lumber, the more he thinks we stand in admiration of his astonishing abilities: but, believe me, there is a very material difference between learning and wisdom, and a man might be deeply versed in all the mysteries of classical erudition, and, at the same time, scarcely possess a grain of common understanding. On the contrary, he may be master of a very sound and excellent judgment, with a thorough knowledge of the world, without knowing a single syllable of Greek and Latin. The grand point of education is the attainment of *useful* knowledge; and a man's erudition, should, therefore, accompany his department in life. A great scholar has sometimes risen to a great man; but much oftener dwindled into a *poor* one: the keen appetite starves at the intellectual feast, and a deserving son is too frequently lost to himself, and society, from the mistaken pride of his father, who beggars himself, to boast the honour of having a great scholar in the family. "Ay, ay, Tom will shine! I warrant him. The boy has *parts*, and will make his way. Tom's talents will bring all the money home again! why who knows? he may come to be a minister of state, and then he will make the fortune of his whole family!"

The reverse is obvious: but had the expence of his academical studies, and university probation, been reserved to settle Tom in a good line of business, a thorough master of accompts, with

with a useful share of commercial knowledge, he might have proved a strong pillar of support to his family, and a valuable member of the commonwealth.

Occasional essays like these, may be likened, Mr. Editor, to an olio; indeed the whole world may be considered as one grand olio, an olio podrida, where some ingredients hit the palate, others not; and we are, more or less, pleased and amused, satiated, or disgusted. There are so many ingredients too, in the composition of this grand olio, the world, as would be too arduous a task for a much abler pen than mine, to define or discriminate.

When we meet with a man inclined to engross the whole conversation to himself, we set him down for a *chattering jackanapes*. This is but a *simple* ingredient, and rarely hits the *taste*.

A man interlarding his conversation with technical terms, whom none present understand but himself, set him, in the language of Dogberry, down for a *fool*.

One disposed to contradict, merely to shew superiority of ability, set him down for a whelp, not out of his *puppyhood*.

A sower of sedition. A disturber of the public peace, an enemy to his country, and the foe of humanity.

To these may be added—arrogance, and presumption; scandal and detraction; ingratitude, and parsimony; with various ingredients too tedious to enumerate; all of which turn acid, and create bile on the stomach; but then to correct these acidities, we have religion, love, honesty, liberality, and philanthropy; virtue, charity, prudence, and economy; honour, wealth, loyalty, liberty, and property. All these essences combined, render the dish palatable, and, without a dash of the former compound, would be too luxurious, and pall on the appetite. We toss up the whole together, and find it nicely seasoned with the attic salt of a Milton, Shakespeare, Swift, Addison, Pope, Young, Thomson, and others of never dying fame. We then simmer the composition over a portion of true patriotic fire: this formerly used to blaze, diffusing life and radiance to all around; but the refulgence of the *rising sun*, so effectually damped the spirit of its glowing warmth, by the influence of his *golden* rays, that it might have been totally extinguished, had not the genius of Britain, anxious for her own, blown it up with her ambrosial breath, and re-kindled the dying embers, thus giving the dish a genial glow of heat and healthfulness, saying

Noble Britons!

While ye are true to your king, your country, and yourselves, ye are the pillars of my age, and I will cherish ye in my maternal arms, and glory in my children! So shall your manufactures encrease, your commerce extend, your arts flourish, the din

and clamour of outrageous war be hushed, and universal discord, with all her dire train, sink for ever down to the dark abyss; whilst sweet prosperity, lovely, triumphant maid! shall shed her laurels o'er my native land; and smiling peace (in despite of *nature's oppressor,)* again shall raise her triumphant head, fan with her balmy breath the spreading olive branch, under which my sons once more shall rise the *pride* of Europe, and *wonder* of the world!

MEMOIRS *of the late* LORD THURLOW.

(Concluded from Page 944.)

IT has been often observed, that there is something equivocal in the profession of the law, and that the early habit of taking up the cause of every client, as well as arguing on every occasion,

"*Per fas aut nefas,*"

Gives an early bias to the human mind. Without stopping to enquire whether the subject of the present memoir, like the great, and indeed we may call him the good Mr. Dunning, would not have *shewn cause* on the other side, provided his friends had been in opposition, we shall merely observe, that his conduct was, at least, open and manly, and that he distinguished himself on a variety of occasions, in the cause of coercion. With a stentorian voice, an undaunted countenance, and a certain degree of solemnity that rendered his talents conspicuous, and his aid desirable, he upheld the claims of prerogative. The minister, Lord North, driven nearly to despair by the eloquence and arguments of a Saville, a Burke, and a Fox, threw himself on the lawyers for protection, and in the person of Edward Thurlow found an able and judicious advocate.

Such zeal, joined to such abilities, could not pass long unrewarded; and accordingly, on the 2d of June, 1778, he was appointed lord high chancellor of Great Britain, by virtue of which office, he, at a single bound, became the second subject in the kingdom. On the next day he was created a peer of Great Britain, by the title of Lord Thurlow, baron of Ashfield, in the county of Suffolk, with remainder, in case of default of issue male, to his nephews.

He continued to fulfil the duties of his arduous and important situation for five years, and during that period raised his second brother from an humble rectory to the episcopal dignity. But when Lord North and Mr. Fox united, and formed the coalition administration, he was obliged to retire,

retire, and on the 9th of April, 1783, the seals were put in commission.

This state of affairs, however, proved but of short continuance; for the new administration was not supported by the voice of the people, and it so happened, by a coincidence rather unusual, that the king was of the same mind. His majesty was indeed peculiarly averse to the continuance of the junto in office, as the project of the East-India bill seemed to be calculated to abridge the royal prerogative, and create a new power in the constitution.

Mr. Pitt, who had before acted as chancellor of the exchequer under Lord Shelburne, now became first lord of the treasury and premier, on which occasion he selected Lord Thurlow for the great seal, and that nobleman accordingly resumed his seat on the woolsack, on the 23d of December, 1783, after a short interval of eight months and a fortnight.

Previously to this period, it had been the uniform custom of the throne, since the revolution, for the monarch who wore the crown to *defer* on all great occasions to the house of commons. On that to which we allude, however, the new minister adopted a very different plan, for he kept his seat in the very teeth of the aristocracy, and in the face of a decided majority. In addition to this, and in pursuance, as it has been said, of the opinion of the lord chancellor, he advised the king to dissolve the parliament. That these measures were not theoretically constitutional, has been maintained by many, but that they were both practical and expedient, the event fully proved; for the young premier was thus enabled to grow old in office, and, with the exception of a few months, he governed the whole kingdom, during a space of twenty-two years, at the conclusion of which period the sceptre of command was wrested from him, not by the hands of his political opponents, but by death.

After his resumption of the seals, Lord Thurlow continued for some time to support the administration, of which he himself constituted a conspicuous portion. He had now attained the summit of his ambition, for indeed he could climb no higher, and having received the reversion of a tellership, which soon after dropped, he was become perfectly independent, in point of fortune. He did not always accord, however, with the premier; and as neither of these celebrated men was famed for a conciliatory spirit, it is not at all surprising that they should have, at length, agreed to separate. To those who were personally acquainted with them, the wonder indeed was, that they should have remained so long as nine or ten years in the same cabinet.

At length, in 1793, Lord Thurlow resigned the high and important functions of lord high chancellor, and was succeeded by

by Lord Loughborough, afterwards earl of Rosslyn, who had been persuaded by the immense danger of public affairs, the critical situation of the times, and the cause of humanity itself, to desert the opposition bench, and exchange the ermined robe of chief justice of the common pleas for the mace, the seals, the insignia, the patronage, and the revenue of the keeper of the king's conscience!

From that period his lordship frequented the house of peers but seldom, and his health having become very precarious, the air of the town was supposed to be hurtful, so that, even during the winter, he seldom or never slept in his house in St. James's-square.

Meanwhile, having purchased an estate in the neighbourhood of Dulwich, Lord Thurlow ordered a house to be built on a rising ground for his accommodation. A regular estimate was accordingly made out by an eminent architect, and the mansion completed, but the final charge was so disproportionate to the sum originally proposed, that the noble lord exclaimed "that he would never either enter or pay for it, but remain in his farm-house to the day of his death."

As he had exhibited great attachment to the king, during the discussion of the regency bill,* so he afterwards enjoyed the intimacy and the confidence of the prince of Wales, and is supposed to have been the adviser of his royal highness, on many critical and important occasions. He was accustomed to meet him at the hospitable house of the late Mr. Macnamara, of Streatham, and was persuaded to sit to Rossi for a bust, which is now in Carleton House. For several years past his lordship has divided his time between Dulwich and Brighton, at the latter of which he usually spent some of the summer months; during which he rode on the fine Sussex downs, enjoyed the bracing air of the sea, and occasionally saw and conversed with the heir to the crown.

In summing up the character of Lord Thurlow, it will be found that this nobleman was entitled to much praise as a chancellor. The inflexible integrity that governed his decisions was never once called in question, while the wisdom by which they were regulated has been always admired. He was eager to detect, to expose, if possible, and to punish the mal-practices of low attornies, and other retainers of the law, who are a disgrace and an opprobrium to the profession. He saw and he lamented the frauds and chicanery frequently arising out of commissions of bankruptcy, and wished to restrain them, although they were far less common than at present. He was particularly severe in

* His celebrated exclamation of "When I forsake my king in the hour of his distress, may God forsake me!" produced a wonderful effect.

in the case of such adventurers as had carried off the wards of his court; and in respect to another class of persons, who were also under the immediate guardianship of the chancellor, his conduct has been recently quoted with great applause by Lord Erskine. It was he indeed who first instituted the rule, that in respect to supposed lunatics, the *onus probandi* should attach to the plaintiff; whereas, when a statute had been once obtained, the proof of sanity was to rest with the defendant.

It might be here observed, that none of Lord Thurlow's decisions were ever overturned by an appeal to the house of lords; but this is a feature not peculiar either to his character or station, for, with a single exception, we believe nothing of this kind has occurred for many years. This, perhaps, arises out of a circumstance that calls aloud for amendment. Indeed it is an anomaly in our constitution, that those engaged in the administration of the laws should assist in their confection; and it appears not a little strange, that a judge of an inferior tribunal should sit in a court of appeal, and not only defend his own proceedings, but vote, if he should so please, in their justification. We lament also to behold the office of speaker of the house of lords annexed to the chancellorship. It is evident to every one who has attended to the proceedings of our courts of justice, that the chancery business is sufficient, and perhaps more than sufficient, for the talents and attention of any single individual; and it is a cruel circumstance for the clients in equity, that a chancellor should be obliged to leave the court either to attend the council-board, or preside in the house of peers.

The conduct of Lord Thurlow on the woolsack was dignified, yet the impatience of contradiction, or the access of disease, would sometimes produce irritation. But it is wonderful with what cordiality the public took his part, when a noble duke, who had alluded to new families and upstart lawyers, was reminded of the meretricious claims of one of his own ancestors, in a dignified and manly speech delivered by the subject of this memoir.

During the first time that he held the seals Lord Thurlow was accused of treating the gentlemen of the bar with a degree of roughness and severity, at which he himself, while in their situation, would have been the first to spurn. We have some reason to suppose, however, that on his return to office he altered his conduct in this instance, and ever after displayed more urbanity to that respectable class of men, out of which his own successors were destined to be chosen.

It is well known, that the patronage of an English lord chancellor, in respect to ecclesiastical affairs, is extensive. All vacant livings under a certain amount are in his gift, and his

voice is, at the same time, attended to in respect to the disposal of the dignities of the church. Through his influence his brother obtained two lucrative sees in succession, and by his liberality a nominal dean of Caius was rendered a real one, *cum cura animarum*. Horsley also, on account of his controversial talents, was by his means seated on the bishops' bench; but notwithstanding this, it is on record, that he was unable to obtain for Dr. Johnson such an increase of his pension as would have enabled him to endeavour to repair a broken constitution, by flying to the genial climate of Italy.

On the other hand, neither the character nor conduct of the noble lord in question was uniformly such, as to render him beloved or respected. His behaviour to the daughter of a dignitary, within the diocese of the archbishop of Canterbury, cannot be praised, and his occasional austerity in domestic life is not a subject for eulogium. It was not for moral but political reasons, however, that Dr. Parr, in his preface to "Bellendenus," represented him under the name of Novius, "as an orator with menace and terror on his brow, but whose eloquence was Thrasonic, and whose thunder and threats were to be despised. We disagree on this subject with one of the best scholars, and most accomplished writers, of his age; for we always considered the speeches of Lord Thurlow, more particularly during the latter part of his career, as fraught with wisdom, the suggestions of which were uttered in a dignified and impressive manner, while the terrors of his brow, and the storm of his arguments, were not to be encountered with impunity.

Edward Lord Thurlow died at Brighton, in Sussex, on the 12th of September, 1806, in the 71st year of his age. He had three daughters by Miss Hervey, one of whom, Mrs. Brown, who had married in opposition to his wish, was present at his demise.

He is succeeded in his barony by Edward, now Lord Thurlow, the eldest son of his brother, the late bishop of Durham, with remainder, in case of default of issue male, to Edward South Thurlow, M.A. one of the six prebendaries of Norwich.

The body having been brought from Sussex to town in a private manner, was carried in procession to the Temple church, in the following order:

The plume of feathers, decorated with bandalors.
Six mutes on horseback.
His lordship's saddle-horse, led by two servants, with the family arms on the black velvet trappings, and mounted by a gentleman of the Herald's Office, bearing his lordship's coronet.

THE HEARSE,
Drawn by six horses, and adorned with escutcheons.
His lordship's supporters were placed on the
horses' black velvet trappings.
Then followed
Six mourning coaches, drawn by six horses.
In the first coach were
The duke of Newcastle, the lord chancellor, the dean of
Windsor, and Lord Ellenborough.
In the second,
Lord Eldon, Mr. Justice Le Blanc, Mr. Baron Thompson,
and Sir William Scott.
In the third,
The Rev. E. S. Thurlow, (his lordship's nephew),
Colonel M'Mahon, Colonel Cunningham,
and Colonel Terry.
In the other three coaches were some of his lordship's principal
domestics.
The procession was closed by ten private carriages.

The pall bearers were, the lord chancellor, the duke of Newcastle, Lord Eldon, the lord chief justice of the king's bench, the lord chief baron of the Exchequer, and Sir William Scott.

The funeral service was read by the dean of Windsor; after which was performed an anthem, composed for the occasion. The body was lowered into the vault at the top of the south aisle, and deposited next to the remains of his brother, the late bishop of Durham. Lord Chancellor Erskine and the Rev. E. S. Thurlow rose from their seat, walked to the edge of the vault, and took their last farewell.

GONZALVO *and* FIAMETTA.

(Concluded from Page 948.)

ERNOLSO never yet felt the power of love, although he had attained the age of manhood, and the moment he beheld the beauteous Fiametta, he felt the powerful sentiment bursting at once upon his heart. He found a relief to his agitation, in drinking from the same cup which Fiametta had touched with her balmy lips. He drank freely, and the wine heating his imagination, he formed the wish of possessing Fiametta, and from that moment he determined to attain her at all events.

When the repast was ended, Gonzalvo, with some of his men, went out with the intention of killing some game, for their visitors, who did not yet seem inclined to quit the cas-

tle. Fiametta, who remained alone with him, had her infant son brought to her. As it slept on her lap, she addressed the little innocent, and said, "Thou little thinkest, my sweet, from what imminent danger this noble stranger has rescued thy parents, who but for him would ere this have been a prey to the fury of a rapacious banditti." Ernolso pressing the child to his bosom said, "What would I not give that thou wert my child! thou lovely image of thy beauteous mother; to become thy father I would gladly give up my proud castles, and be contented to dwell in a lonely cottage." "How should this little creature merit such sacrifices?" cried Fiametta. "Ah! beauteous Fiametta," returned Ernolso, "can you ask such a question? were I the happy father of this sweet babe, I should also be the husband of Fiametta! forgive me, if from the excess of my passion, I can no longer conceal my sentiments! do not hate me because I am doomed to be wretched!" "The man who has vanquished our enemies, he who is our protector, may think himself entitled to our gratitude and respect, but ——" "Without those titles," interrupsed the count, "You would instantly inform Gonzalvo of my behaviour, that he might instantly challenge me to single combat. Do so, lovely Fiametta, I can never unsheath my sword against your husband. I shall willingly bare my breast to his vengeful arm, to rid me of my hated existence; give me but a token of your esteem before we part for ever!" She untied a small cross, which hung to her girdle, and presented it to the count, saying, "Take this, and when you look at it, think of Fiametta." Ernolso put the precious relic in his bosom, and vowed that it should go with him to the tomb. Fiametta, who already felt a strong partiality for the count, entreated him not to quit the castle 'till her husband's return; he therefore remained a considerable time longer, and before Gonzalvo returned from the chase, Ernolso had obtained a confession from Fiametta, that had she not been bound by indissoluble ties, she would have returned his passion.

Enraptured at these words, Ernolso vowed eternal love: then springing lightly on his fiery courser, he departed, followed by his retinue, whilst Fiametta from the rampart watched his white plume, until the neighbouring forest hid it from her view. When Gonzalvo returned from the chase, loaded with game, he was surprised to find that his visitors had quitted the castle. Fiametta appeared sad the whole evening. She answered her husband's enquiries with a kind of constraint, and retired to bed discontented. She could not sleep: the image of Ernolso, young, handsome, and noble, was for ever present to her imagination. His titles and immense wealth, also dazzled her; when she compared him with all these advantages to her husband, whose dress was made in general of the wild beasts he had killed; when she compared his sallow, and sun-burnt complexion

complexion to the fair and blooming one of the count, whose dress was equally rich and elegant, and calculated to display his fine manly form to advantage, she could no longer repress the wish, that it had been her fate to possess so accomplished a husband as Count Ernolso. She was frequently disturbed from these pleasing ideas by her child; and displeased at the interruption, she would supply it's wants with peevishness, and even disgust. Ernolso's situation was similar to her's. Her image was never, for an instant, absent from him: his love increased every moment; and at last the continual agitation of his mind threw him into a violent fever.

Astolpho, an aged knight, who had long been attached to Ernolso's father, and loved his friend's son with paternal fondness, remarked the melancholy of his young friend: he guessed the cause of his indisposition, and obtained from him a confession of his love. He endeavoured, by the strongest arguments, to combat his attachment to a married woman; but finding all his endeavours useless, he asked Ernolso for the key of his armory. Ernolso requested to know his motive. "I have long deferred," said he, "putting a favourite plan in execution, and as at my age, life is precarious, I mean to terminate it this very day, least death should prevent me." "Old man," cried Ernolso, "you deceive me, you have sent a challenge to Gonzalvo!" "I have not; I shall not meet him: I hear he means to hunt with his hounds." "And what then?" exclaimed Ernolso, extremely agitated. "Should you be very much grieved to hear that Fiametta had become a widow?" answered Astolpho, with a sarcastic smile. "O Astolpho!" returned the count, "would you then become a ———?" "Any thing!" exclaimed the old veteran, "rather than see the son of my beloved friend pine away, when by one blow I can make him happy! I shall wait for Gonzalo in the forest: farewell! I could wished to have witnessed your happiness in the decline of my days, but fate has ordained it otherwise. Once more, adieu! beloved friend, drink to my memory at the bridal feast." Having said these words, he mounted his courser, and instantly disappeared, leaving Ernolso in the utmost perturbation of mind: but the pleasing idea of possessing his beauteous Fiametta, soon overpowered every other sensation, and stifled the remorse which at first filled his hitherto uncorrupted heart.

When he had remained for some hours in the most anxious expectation of Astolpho's return, unable to support the dreadful conflict between hope, and the fear of his not succeeding, he mounted his highest tower; and looking across the wide expanse, which presented itself to his view, he saw a cloud of dust rising in the distant plain. He hoped it was Astolpho, who had accomplished his horrible undertaking.

Having for a considerable time strained his eyes, his impatience became insupportable, and he retired into the most remote apartment of his splendid castle, to hide his tears and his agitation from the prying gaze of his attendants. Soon after, he suddenly heard the neighing of a horse in the court yard. He sprang to the window, and beheld Astolpho, who soon after joined him. "Are you safe?" exclaimed Ernolso: "Have you received no wound?" "None, except HERE!" returned Astolpho, laying his hand upon his heart. "Is Gonzalvo no more?" stammered out the count. "HE IS NO MORE!" answered Astolpho, in a solemn tone. "O Heaven! I think I still behold the brave, and unfortunate knight, when in the last agonies of death, he called upon you to protect his beloved wife and child. Remorse and terror took possession of my guilty soul, and I fled still followed by the dying groans of the brave Gonzalvo!" Whilst Astolpho pronounced these words, he took off his armour, and declared to Ernolso his firm determination of retiring to the neighbouring monastry, to pass the remainder of his life in penitence and prayer. Ernolso tried to combat his intention, but in vain. Astolpho, notwithstanding his tears and earnest entreaties, mounted his courser, and burying his spurs in his sides, was out of sight in an instant, and was never seen more!

Ernolso remained stupified by his sudden departure, but was roused towards evening by the deep tolling of the convent bell. He inquired the motive of the dismal sounds, and was informed that the knell was for the knight Gonzalvo, who had been assassinated in the forest on that very morning. A few days after this event he recovered his usual cheerfulness. He ventured to visit the lovely Fiametta, whom he found in tears for the loss she had sustained; but at the sight of Ernolso her eyes toon resumed their usual brilliancy. From that time Ernolso became a constant visitor, and not a day passed without his visiting Gonzalvo's widow, whom he never quitted until the moon rose over the dark forests which surround the castle. Gonzalvo had scarcely been dead a year, when Ernolso made the most sumptuous preparations for the celebration of his marriage. The evening preceding the long desired day, the abbot of the heighbouring monastry, waited upon him, to inform him of the death of Astolpho, who, before he died, had made a full avowal of his crime. The abbot threatened him with the severest vengeance of the church, if he married the widow of the injured Gonzalvo, of whose murder he was considered an accomplice. Unused to the peremptory tone of the abbot, he refused to comply with his orders. The abbot threatened him with excommunication, and Ernolso, furious, plunged his sword into the abbot's breast. Aware of the imminent danger to which he was exposed, he instantly went to Fiametta, and departed

parted with her to one of his strongest castles, determined to await the consequence, and sell his life as dearly as possible.

The moment he arrived at his new habitation, he espoused Fiametta. Immediately after the abbot's murder was known, Ernolso was excommunicated by the bishop, and summoned to appear at the emperor's criminal court, and on his refusal, some of his troops were sent to besiege his castle. Ernolso in vain endeavoured to encourage his men to resist the powerful army, marching towards them: they refused, and laid down their arms. Ernolso finding no hopes left, fled with Fiametta, into the forest, and they were soon lost in it's intricate mazes; having at length gained a height, they beheld their castle in flames, and Ernolso, wild with rage, declared, sooner than surrender himself and his wife to the fury of the soldiers, he would put an end to her life and his own.

Fiametta, terrified at his fury, took an opportunity to escape from him in the obscurity. By day-light she had gained the high road, where she was soon overtaken by a detachment of soldiers, and conducted to the bishop. Being struck with her beauty, he treated her in a gallant manner, of which she took the advantage to assure him she was innocent of the crime of being a party in her late husband's murder, and promised to discover the retreat of the assassin. The bishop, deeply in love, offered her security, and soon after, by her direction, Ernolso was taken, and put to death by the soldiers.

Fiametta lived openly in pomp and splendour with the bishop, until another beauty surplanted her. He now despised her for her horrible treachery towards her husband, and offered her one of his finest castles, on condition of her confining herself within it during the remainder of her life; but when Fiametta found herself despised and rejected for another, she threatened to make the debaucheries of the bishop known to the world. The bishop, knowing how much he was in her power, had her taken up during the night, and carried to the same tower which is now haunted by the spirit.

At first Fiametta gave herself up to rage and despair, but she had not been many days in her gloomy dungeon, before she began to feel remorse for her former crimes. During the first three months of her confinement, she was supplied from the bishop's table with the most delicate food: but he soon forgot that such a being existed, and she was afterwards supplied only with bread and water. She did not repine at this change: she passed the whole of her time in prayer, and the only thing of which she complained was, the terrifying ghosts of her two deeply-injured husbands, who she said haunted her dreary dungeon every night, and reproached her, in the bitterest terms, for her unnatural conduct.

On

On the eve of St. Philip, the anniversary of the fatal day on which Ernolso had perished by her treachery, she solicited her keeper to procure her a confessor. The archbishop was informed of her request, and promised to comply, but neglected to perform his promise. Unable any longer to support the agony of her mind, and the terrifying visions which continually tormented her, the wretched Fiametta was found dead in her dungeon. She had twisted her beautiful long hair into a cord, and strangled herself with it!

The archbishop ordered her body to be buried in the dungeon, and soon after her interment, her spirit was seen to haunt the tower in which she had been confined, and continues to wander round it to this day, uttering sighs and lamentations. No traveller passes through the town without visiting this gloomy tower, and perusing the sad story of Fiametta, or the spectre of the ruined tower!

ANECDOTES *of the late* RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

THE indulgence with which Lord Holland treated his children, particularly his favourite son, our late lamented statesman, is well known. Mr. Fox, after he had arrived at years of maturity, often boasted, that from his earliest infancy he never failed to do whatever he had an inclination for; two singular instances of which occurred before he was six years old. One day standing by his father while he was winding up a watch, "I have a great mind to break that watch, papa," said the boy. "No, Charles," replied the father, "that would be foolish." "Indeed, papa," said he, "I must do it." "Nay," answered the father, "If you have such a violent inclination, I won't baulk it:" on which he delivered the watch into the hands of the youngster, who instantly dashed it against the floor.

Another time, while he was secretary at war, having just finished a long dispatch, which he was going to sand, Charles, who stood near him with his hand upon the inkstand, said, "Papa, I have a mind to throw this ink over the paper."—"Do, my dear," said the secretary, "if it will afford you any pleasure?" The young gentleman immediately threw the ink, and the secretary, with great composure and good humour, sat down to write the dispatch over again.

The following anecdote affords a proof not only of the indulgence, but also of the good sense of the father of Mr. Fox; it is a well known story, but it is one of those which cannot be too often repeated.

Having resolved to take down the wall at the bottom of the lawn before Holland-house, and to have iron rails put up in its

stead, that the passengers on the road might enjoy a better view of that noble antique building, it was necessary to make use of gun-powder to facilitate the work, and Mr. Fox promised his son Charles that he should be present, whenever the explosion took place. Finding that the workmen had completed its fall without giving him notice, he directed the wall to be re-built, and, when it was thoroughly cemented, had it blown up again for the gratification of his favourite. At the same time he recommended it strongly to those about him, never, upon any account, to be guilty of a breach of promise to children, justly observing, that by so doing they instilled into them an indifference with regard to the observance of their own promises when they arrived at years of maturity.

Few young men were so remarkable as Mr. Fox for happiness of repartee and shrewdness of observation. Of this, the following instance may be cited. Meeting one day with the Hon. J. Dyson, who was uncommonly thin and meagre, the latter, in the course of some ordinary conversation, broke off rather abruptly, by recollecting that he had some business at the Navy Office; on which Mr. Fox very coolly observed, "I should rather have imagined, Mr. Dyson, your business lay at the Victualling Office."

Being asked what measures government take to prevent emigrations, Mr. Fox replied, that he knew not positively, but whatever might be attempted, he knew but one effectual way, and that was, to make it worth the subject's while to stay at home.

Mr. Fox particularly excelled in giving the characters of those with whom he lived and acted; he had used to say, Lord N. was sensible only to one argument, and that was drawn from domestic life; Lady North possessed him under the most passive obedience. A trick was once played him by Colonel Barré, during the debates on the American war. The colonel had a valet, who possessed a surprising dexterity in the imitation of hands. The opposition were eager to defer a debate, which the ministry were as anxious to bring on. The house had accordingly met, and Lord North was on the treasury bench, when a note was put into his hand. The debate was immediately deferred on some pretext which is never wanting to a minister. The contents of the note were merely,

"My Lord,

"I must beg you to make a point of being home at five o'clock, as I expect my mother to dinner."

The hand-writing of Lady North was so well imitated, that Lord North was effectually deceived, and the opposition carried their point.

Mr.

Mr. Fox used to say of Hume and Gibbon, that the one so loved a king, and the other so hated a priest, that neither of them were to be depended upon, where either a priest or a king was concerned. Gibbon, he said, moreover, has quoted many books as authority, of which he has only read the preface. He produced a singular instance of this, where Gibbon has quoted a passage as being in the third book of a writer, whose work is divided into two books only. Gibbon was led into this error by the transcriber of the preface of the book so quoted, who, in writing out the passage, has made the same error.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of KING's BENCH, November 26.

ARGUMENT IN TERM.

LOWTHER *v.* THE EARL OF RADNOR AND OTHERS.

THIS was an action of trespass against the defendant, one of the justices for the county of Wilts, which was instituted to try the question, whether the magistrates had jurisdiction in a case, which was in substance as follows:—One Sop, 27 November, 1804, obtained a summons from two magistrates against the plaintiff, to recover a small sum due to him, and an order was made for the payment thereof, reciting, "That whereas one James Sop, of ——, in the county of Wilts, labourer, had complained to the said two magistrates, that Gorges Lowther, the plaintiff, refused to pay him 4l. 13s. for work and labour done by the said James Sop, and one Franklin, in the service of the said Gorges Lowther, in digging and steeping, or steeling a well:" the other then concluded in the ordinary form, that Lowther not appearing, and Sop being heard, Lowther was ordered to pay. From this order the plaintiff appealed, and the order was confirmed at the quarter sessions; and upon proceedings being had to enforce the order, the present action was brought. The question was, whether the two magistrates, in the first instance, and the quarter sessions, on the appeal, had jurisdiction to order the plaintiff to pay the 4l. 13s. under the stat. 12 Geo. 2. c. 9, whereby it is enacted, that all differences, &c. between masters, &c. and servants in husbandry, hired for a year; or between masters and artificers, handicraftsmen, miners, colliers, keelmen, pitmen, glass-men, potters, and other labourers, employed for any certain time, or in any other manner, shall be determined by one justice, &c. provided the cause in case of any servant, doth not exceed 10l. nor 5l. with regard to any other person before-mentioned.

Two questions were made the argument: first, whether the act applied to any but servants in husbandry? and next, whether it applied to any other persons, being labourers, than those mentioned specifically in the act, or those *ejusdem generis?* His lordship now stated, that it was plain from the recital in the order, which was the only evidence of the contract, that the claim of Sop was for work and labour done by him and one Franklin, which Franklin was employed on the retainer of Sop, and not of Lowther; and it was not, therefore, for any service in husbandry. But upon the latter part of the statute, his lordship thought that under the general words, "other labourers, employed for any certain time, or in any other manner," the operation of those words could not be restrained to artificers, as particularly mentioned before, but must extend to all other labourers.

The court, therefore, thinking that the act was intended to give a speedy remedy both to masters and servants in husbandry, and to masters and artificers, of the classes enumerated, and also to masters and labourers in general, held, that the case of Sop was within the jurisdiction of the magistrates, and accordingly ordered the *postea* to the plaintiff.

METHOD *of* RECKONING.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

THE query proposed by M. and inserted in your Weekly Entertainer of the 27th ult. was copied *verbatim* from Hutton's Recreations in Mathematics and Philosophy, vol. 1. page 2, and the following is the answer from the same author,

Your obedient servant,

Bristol, November 3, 1806. W. CROSS.

"No person, after the least reflection on this unanimous agreement, will entertain any idea of its being the effect of chance. It is not only probable, but might almost be proved, that this system derives its origin from our physical conformation. All then have ten fingers, a very few excepted, who by some *lusus naturæ* have twelve. The first men began to reckon on their fingers; when they had exhausted them by reckoning the units, it was necessary that they should form a first total; and again began to reckon the same fingers 'till they had exhausted them a second time, and so on in succession; hence the origin of tens, which being confined, like the units, to the number of the fingers, could not be carried beyond it, without forming a new total, called one hundred; then another, called a thousand, and so on."

Answer, by T. Gill, Officer of Excise, near Wells, to his own Anagram, inserted February 24, the answer inserted June 9, being erroneous.

A ROMANCE when entire, and rightly transpos'd,
CREMONA, in Italy, then is disclos'd.

Answer, by M. P. M. of Marazion, to J. A. Dyer's Rebus, inserted September 29.

A STOCKING, Sir, without a doubt,
Will make your rebus clearly out.

☞ We have received similar answers from W. D. of Bristol; Sophia, of Modbury; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; H. Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; J. Woodman, junior, of North Curry; Tyro, of Penzance; J. Whitnell, of Ashcott; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; Adrianus; Rhoda; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; J. Whittle, of Upway; B. Belcher, and J. Ryan, of East Stonehouse; G. P. O. of Beer; J. Lewis, of Poole; F. Allen, and J. Guy, of Wellington; P. Codd, and R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; and Ann Dyer, of Manadon House.

Answer, by J. Salter, of Broadhembury, to J. Badcock's Charade, inserted Sept. 29.

THERE's not a doubt, Sir, to be made,
But WINDPIPE answers your charade.

‖‡‖ The like answers have been received from J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; P. Codd, of Dean Prior; J. S. and H. Stoneman, of Exeter; Sophia, of Modbury; J. Ryan, and Benjamin Belcher, of East Stonehouse; J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Whitnell, of Ashcott; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; J. Woodman, junior of North Curry; W. D. of Bristol; Anna Dyer, of Manadnohouse, near Plymouth; Adrianus; F. Allen, and J. Guy, of Wellington; M. P. M. of Marzzion; G. P. O. of Beer; Tyro, of Penzance; H. Ellis, and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.

A REBUS, *by J. T, Symons, of Exeter.*

A Famous Grecian kill'd at Troy;
A Jewish name that's for a boy;
Hecuba's son, by Pyrrhus slain;
A fish that's in the watery main;
A city next you'll bring to mind;
And last a tragic poet find:
The initials join'd will make appear
A garment that the ladies wear.

A CHARADE, *by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.*

TRAVERSE old Neptune's wide domain,
Where billows loudly roar,
'Tis there amidst his numerous train,
My first you will explore.
And if my next you'd fain display,
'Tis found within the earth;
When winter holds tyrannic sway,
Most people own it's worth.

Connect these parts, in order true,
My whole you'll bring to mind,
Whose vapours oft (unthought of) do
Prove fatal to mankind.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

CHANTMARLE, *in* DORSETSHIRE,
A SONNET.

THY spirit, meditation! let me bear
To these wild haunts; and pensive as I stray
A lonely wanderer thro' the devious way,
Here would I learn how many a fleeting year,
As a swift shadow, quick has pass'd along;
And ask, who first this noble building rear'd?
Whose antique structure still must be rever'd,
Altho' old time, thy ancient walls among
Has reck'd his vengeful force; so that to trace,
Chantmarle, thy splendid origin, seems to be
Fruitless attempt and vain. Yet still on thee
Rests a soft charm no beauty can erase;
For here has hospitality her board,
And here is still the voice of friendship heard.

Long-street, Sherborne.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SONNET.—To HOPE.

ENCHANTING hope! ah whither art thou fled,
That I no more thy beauteous presence greet?
Oh! kindly lead me to the blest retreat,
And twine thy roses round my drooping head.

Sweet are the dreams which fancy oft inspires,
If o'er the scene thy cheerful sunshine smiles;
Love's hallow'd altar burns with fiercer fires,
And rapt'rous joy the fleeting hour beguiles.

But when thou fly'st, the fairy prospect fades,
And in its stead depressive grief appears;
Despair conducts me to its gloomy shades,
Where slighted love sheds unavailing tears.

Oh come, sweet hope! my wonted peace restore,
Or let remembrance pierce my soul no more.

Village Hill. EDWIN.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On hearing of the Death of Hero, the favourite little Dog of an intimate Friend.

HOW often hath th' ambitious muse
To flatter folly, vice excuse,
Attun'd the fawning lay!

To

To shine amid the marble pile,
To riot on the great man's smile,
The sunshine of a day.

Far diff'rent themes employ my pen,
Regardless of the frowns of men,
To all their foibles blind;
With numbers harsh, and sounds uncouth,
I'll chaunt a lesson fram'd by truth
To edify mankind.

Faithful in all hath Hero prov'd,
In death regretted, life belov'd,
In ev'ry scene admir'd;
Did gratitude e'er live below?
Did love from instinct ever flow?
It Hero's bosom fir'd.

In all his toils thou hadst a share,
Fatigue and hunger pleas'd to bear,
Contented, fond, and gay;
Attendant on his devious tread,
In blithsome mood thou'st sportive sped,
Companion of his way.

When other curs annoy'd his path,
Thy bosom burn'd indignant wrath,
For him thou'st fought and bled.
I've known thee guard thy master's gate,
And interested in his fate,
Hath centinel'd his bed.

Thy death hath damp'd thy keeper's eye,
And heav'd the sympathetic sigh
His tenderness to prove.
This theme, tho' inharmonious, rude,
Boasts of thy faith, thy gratitude,
Fidelity and love.

I hold the lesson forth to man,
And bid him Hero's conduct scan,
And blush at the review.
Be honest, act a faithful part,
Let gratitude adorn thine heart,
And die lamented too.

Camborne, Cornwall. J. B.

MENTAL ANGUISH.

BLOW on, then, bitter, wintry wind,
Nor yet thy rage controul;
Thy tempests are not so unkind
As these which toss my soul.

The eastern breath that blighting goes,
And disappoints the spring,
That nips the tender, trembling rose,
Momentous troubles brings:

The sun again shall send it's ray,
The drooping flower to rear;
The summer lengthen out the day,
Its fragrant age to cheer:

But say, what season shall subdue
The anguish of this breast?
And bid tranquillity renew
Those joys I once possest?

CATHERINE.